

Battle of Bunker Hill



WON STRUGGLE FOR COLONISTS

What the Battle of Bunker Hill Meant to the Revolutionary Cause.

A LITTLE before sunset, 143 years ago, a few hundred American troops, stacked their guns, threw off their packs, seized their trenching tools and set to work with great spirit. At midnight Boston was buried in sleep. The sentry's cry of "All's well!" could be heard distinctly from its shores.

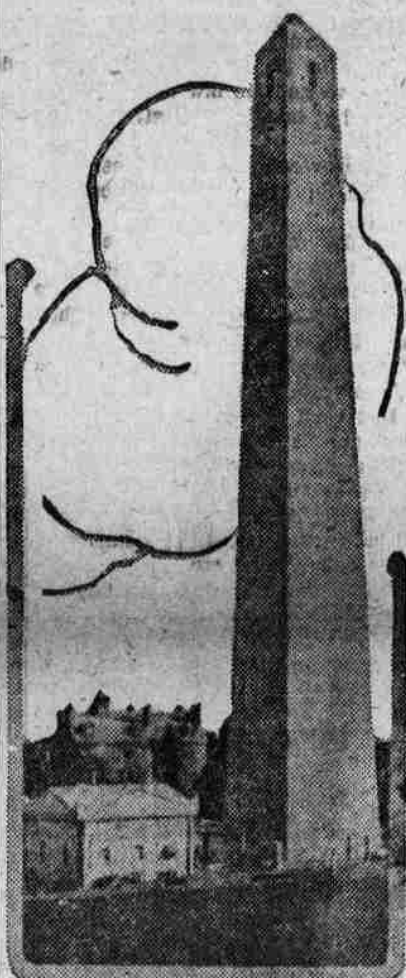
At dawn, 143 years ago, the Americans at work were seen by the sailors on board the British ships of war and the alarm was given. The captain of the Lively, the nearest ship, without waiting for orders, put a spring upon her cable and, bringing her guns to bear, opened a fire upon the hill. One man, among a number who had incautiously ventured outside, was killed. A subaltern reported his death to Colonel Prescott and asked what was to be done. "Bury him," was the reply.

It was the first fatality in the battle of Bunker Hill, one of the most momentous conflicts in our Revolutionary history. It was the first regular battle between the British and the Americans and most eventful in its consequences. The British had ridiculed them as dastardly and inefficient; yet here the best British troops, led on by experienced officers, were repeatedly repulsed by an inferior force of that enemy—mere yeomanry—from works thrown up in a single night, and suffered a loss rarely paralleled in battle with the most veteran soldiers. According to their own returns they killed and wounded, out of a detachment of 2,000 men, amounted to 1,054 and a large proportion of them officers. The loss of the Americans was 411, out of 1,500 men engaged. So the number of casualties in this battle was more than 30 per cent of the number in action, thus placing it among the bloodiest battles known to history. At Waterloo the British loss was less than 34 per cent. No wonder that June 17 is to Boston a second Fourth of July.

Battle Meant Everything.
A gallant loyalist of Massachusetts, who fought so well for King George that he rose to be a full general in the British army, regarded Bunker Hill as a transaction which controlled everything that followed. "You could not," he would say to his friends on the other side, "have succeeded without it."

Bunker Hill exhibited the Americans to all the world as a people to be courted by allies and counted with by foes. It was a marvel that so many armed citizens had been got together so quickly and still a greater marvel that they had stayed together so long.

After the engagement at Lexington on April 19 the British force under General Gage was increased to 10,000 men by the arrival of Generals Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne with their commands from England. These occupied the town of Boston on a peninsula extending into the harbor. The naval forces consisted of the Falcon, Lively, Somerset, Symmetry, Glasgow and four floating batteries. Across the Charles river at Cambridge, and on the surrounding hills, were encamped between 16,000 and 20,000 undisciplined Americans. The British, thus cut off from communication with the mainland, were seriously hampered for provisions, and General Gage con-



Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown, Massachusetts.

templated a movement to occupy the several heights near Charlestown, at Dorchester and adjacent points.

Colonists Alarmed.
The arrival of such a formidable force of the enemy caused the gravest concern to the colonists. It was rumored that the British would sail forth from Boston and burn the neighboring towns. It was to prevent this that the Americans determined to fortify Bunker Hill; for if the British should get out of the city and intrench upon Dorchester heights to the south of Boston, the continental position would be made untenable.

Not an unnecessary sound was made during the long hours of the night of June 16, 1775, and when dawn came intrenchments six feet high along the side of the hill were disclosed. In the face of the fire from the enemy ships and by the battery on Copp's hill the Americans kept steadily at work com-

pleting their intrenchments and, when there was a slight show of faltering after a shot better directed than the others had done some execution in the trenches, Prescott himself mounted the works and marched to and fro with drawn sword, regardless of the fact that he was a mark for the British. He thus preserved the courage of his men who had never before been under fire.

British Began Attack.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when the British troops, supported by a terrific bombardment from the ships in the harbor, advanced in solid column against the fortifications. Confidently they approached the works of the Americans, construing the silence on the hilltop as timidity. They changed their attitude on this point when they arrived within a few hundred feet of the redoubt. The Americans had been ordered to refrain from firing until the command was given. Thus it was the British advancing over the open stretch of ground, panting from the heat and the weight of their knapsacks, heard the word "Fire!" at the moment of their supreme confidence, and recoiled before a volley that mowed down many of their number.

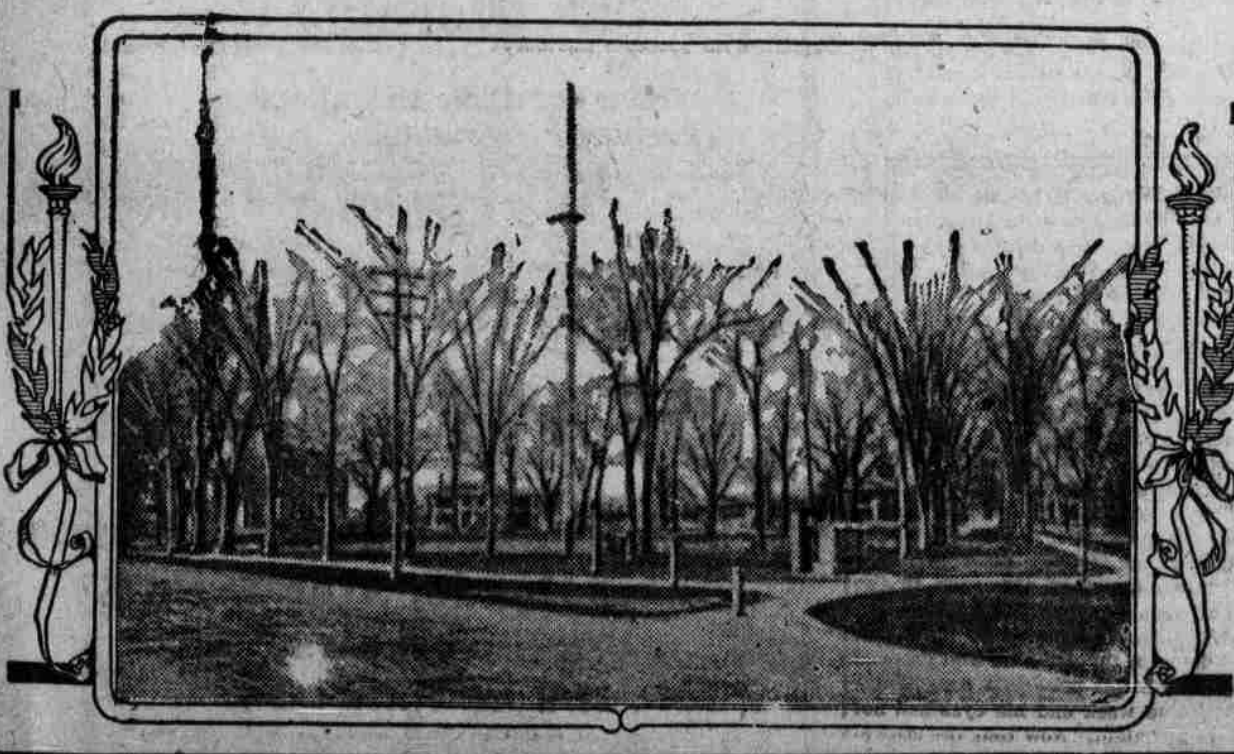
A deadly fire was poured into the British columns, the marksmen of the Americans picking off the officers. Along the whole line of fortifications, from the rail fence to the redoubt, the British columns advanced a second time and once more were met with deadly fire. Now, however, they were prepared for it; although staggered by the shock, they soon rallied and continued their advance. The Americans fired with such rapidity that it seemed as if a continuous stream of fire poured out from the redoubt.

Brought Help to Prescott.
Although the field was strewn with their dead, the British again attempted to take the American position. Prescott had sent for reinforcements early in the day and John Stark, with his New Hampshire company, had courageously crossed Charlestown neck under a severe fire from the enemy. But the hazard of the attempt deterred other commanders from bringing troops to the support of the brave Prescott.

With ammunition almost exhausted and troops tired out from the strain to which they had been subjected, Prescott realized the futility of holding his position in the face of repeated attacks by the reformed and reformed British lines. Nevertheless, he determined again to measure his strength with the adversary; and, with a command to his men to make every shot tell, he awaited the advance of the British. Again the latter were permitted to advance within 20 yards of the American works before they were fired upon. The British line was broken, but still it advanced. With their powder now quite exhausted, the Americans met their opponents with clubbed muskets and bayonets.

The odds were too great and Prescott ordered his men to retreat. It was in doing this that the Americans suffered their heaviest loss; among others who fell was Warren, one of the most cherished of the popular leaders.

Lexington Green, Massachusetts



BEAUTIFUL CHILHOWEE PARK

—I don't know what Manager Scott offered in the way of amusements last Independence Day, but I DO know that, if the program was anything to compare with this year's that he must have had difficulty in handling the crowds.

—Say, folks, there'll be something doing every minute—
FROM 9 A. M. UNTIL MIDNIGHT.

—FIREWORKS?—well, I SHOULD say, then MORE FIREWORKS:—we'll have them in the daytime as well, as at night. DONT MISS Any of this real exciting PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY

—And of course there'll be a dandy show at the Big FREE Open Air Theatre Afternoon and Night.

—Will Crouch's Park Band is going to work overtime and the Professor will include in his repertoire Patriotic music that'll make us fairly SHOUT with the joy of being AMERICANS.

—Ane, the Boating, ---and, the Fishing, ---and the Good Old Flyin' Jinnie--- and the Giant Roller Coaster --- and the Miniature Railway. Don't let's overlook a single item.

—Take it from Bud, that BATHING BEACH, finest, as you know, this side of A. C. is going to be rushed on the 4th. Knoxvilleans are patronizing it more than ever since it opened recently with its thousands of dollars worth of improvements including a NEW BOTTOM and water CRYSTAL GLEAR.

—A little timely advice. Get out early for your bathing suit.

—In fact, a dandy little recipe for a really, truly Glorious 4th is this: Come out to Chilhowee in the early morning-- Gates open at 9 remember---bring along your luuch and eat it neath the shade of the Giant Forest Trees. You can bathe, fish, row, dance, see good shows, pyrotechnic displays, hear the best of band music, and go home at night, tired, I'll admit, but satisfied that you've done your bit in celebrating the Nation's Great Holiday.

—Oh, yes---There'll be lots of extra cars. We're preparing for the biggest crowd in the history of Beautiful Chilhowee. Take cars marked "BURLINGTON" or "CHILHOWEE PARK" We have shelter for ten thousand people.

Yours, BUD, THE PRESS AGENT

THEIR "FLAGSHIP" of Clarissa Mackie



OUR members of the town committee stood on the dock and watched from afar the moving of Captain Lemuel Shad from his floating home, the Golden Hour.

The Golden Hour was a three-masted schooner of ancient build and her long anchorage in Little Harbor had not improved her appearance. Her hull was a cloudy white, mottled with rust from the anchor chains, and her masts, stripped of canvas and rigging, were gaunt and bare.

Captain Lemuel's brother Abel owned the Golden Hour and it was by his "charity" that the old sailor remained in his floating home, where he lived a happy bachelor existence. Captain Lem had a little money and he was very contented aboard the old craft, dreaming over his years when, with a stout ship under control, he sailed the "Seven Seas."

Abel Shadd was one of the four men on the dock. He was looking through a telescope at the old schooner.

"She's a menace to navigation," said Abel, virtuously. "There's plenty of room at our house and Martha says he's welcome to spend the rest of his days there."

The other men exchanged winks. They knew Mrs. Abel Shadd had a keen eye out for Captain Lemuel's bit of money.

"What you going to do with the boat, Abel?" asked Hiram Ricks.

Abel lowered the telescope and spoke in guarded tones.

"It's confidential," he whispered. "I've sold it to the Sand Hill club folks—they're going to blow her up tomorrow just to celebrate the opening of the new clubhouse."

"Well, great gosh!" ejaculated Ricks. "You must have got a fancy price for her—to turn Cap'n Lem out and sell it to them Yacht club fellers."

"Oh, not so much," said Abel, uneasily. "She's a menace to navigation, you know."

"Have you told Lem?" asked William Weems.

"Not yet—then another for him to

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'LUM WAYLAND'

Candidate For City Commissioner



TO THE VOTERS OF GREATER KNOXVILLE:—

I hereby respectfully announce my candidacy for City Commissioner of Knoxville, subject to the will of the voters at the Primary to be held September 6th, 1919.

Just a word of introduction; I am a native of Sevier County Tennessee, but have lived in Knoxville twenty-five years. Have been connected with Mercantile Agency work twenty years, and was assistant Post Master here for four years, having had twenty-four years of business training.

I assure every citizen, of every race, color and condition that it will be my purpose if nominated and elected, to discharge my duties in the way I would in any business, and in the interest of the people.

I am under no obligation to reward or punish, and I shall endeavor to make my race upon such merits as the people may believe I possess.

It will be my earnest endeavor to see every voter, just as far as this is possible, between this date and the Primary, but I urgently request that no voter whom I may miss or be unable to see, feel otherwise than that it has been my intention and purpose to see them and all other voters.

Very respectfully,

COLUMBUS G. WAYLAND.